

The Mirror

OF

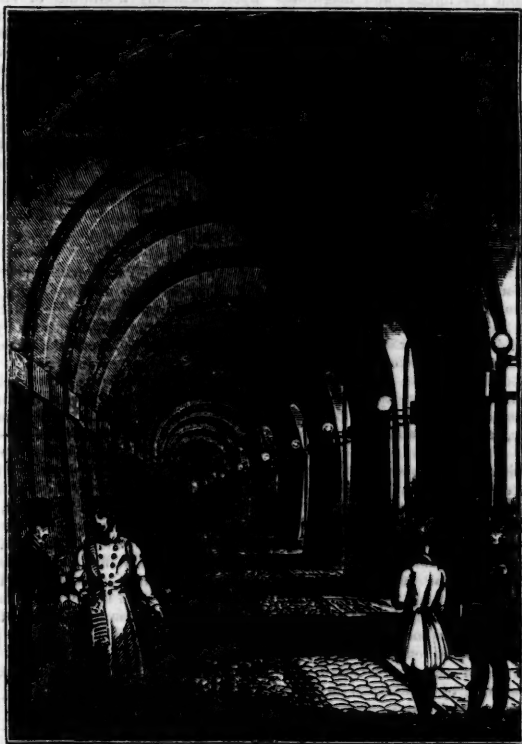
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 809.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1836.

[PRICE 2s.]

THE THAMES TUNNEL.—I



THE WESTERN ARCHWAY.

So early as in the third volume of this Miscellany,* or upwards of twelve years and a half since, we presented to our readers an illustrated description of Mr. Brunel's Plan for constructing the Thames Tunnel. The Bill for this object was then in progress through Parliament, and the probable success of the enterprise engaged the attention of every well-informed circle.

Although the information above referred to, may have, to a certain extent, anticipated the interest of the subject, we are in-

duced to repeat the descriptive details of the origin and progress of the construction of the great work, though in a more succinct form than hitherto; and to adopt them as introductory to a brief series of sketches, illustrative of the mechanical labour of constructing the Tunnel, together with some further explanation of the local advantages of the enterprise. Our authority for these details will be a concise account of the origin and progress of the works, issued by the Directors; the substance of the first-mentioned details being as follows:—

* Pages 322—323.

"A slight acquaintance with the immense and various mercantile concerns carried on in the vicinity of London Bridge and in the neighbourhood of the Tunnel, will show the great utility, and the consequent importance, of a convenient communication by land from shore to shore at that part of the river; and it appears from the number and magnitude of the shipping constantly passing, that the only plan which could be resorted to with a necessary regard to economy, as well as practical utility, is that of a Tunnel under the bed of the river, of sufficient capacity to accommodate and facilitate the local traffic.

"The project of a Tunnel under the river, at Gravesend, was put forward in 1799, but the scheme was soon abandoned; this was followed by an attempt to form a Tunnel from Rotherhithe to Limehouse, in 1804, under the authority of an Act of Parliament, at which time, a shaft of 11 feet in diameter was sunk to the depth of 42 feet, when, from difficulties which were then encountered, it was for a time suspended. It was afterwards continued, at a reduced diameter of 8 feet, to the depth of 76 feet, at which depth a small driftway was carried therefrom under the river to the extent of 923 feet, and to within 150 feet of the opposite shore, when new difficulties having arisen, the engineer reported that further progress was impracticable, and the work was discontinued.

"Various plans were subsequently proposed for the construction of the Tunnel, all of which, after a time, were abandoned. These proceedings are adverted to, to show the importance attached to the successful accomplishment of a roadway under the Thames.

"Notwithstanding the failure of these attempts, immediately that Mr. Brunel, in 1823, proposed and exhibited his plan for constructing at once, and on a useful scale, a double and capacious roadway under the Thames, it was not only well received, but liberally supported by gentlemen of rank and science, who were not discouraged by the extraordinary risks which an enterprise of such magnitude must encounter.

"The spot between Rotherhithe and Wapping, selected for the intended communication, is, perhaps, the only one situate between London Bridge and Greenwich, where such a roadway could be attempted without interfering essentially with some of the great, mercantile establishments on both sides of the river; the situation is about two miles below London Bridge, in a very populous and highly commercial neighbourhood, and where a facility of land communication between the two shores is very desirable, and where it must be very advantageous, not only to the immediate neighbourhood, but also to the adjacent counties.

"While the necessary steps were taking

to obtain an Act of Parliament, and to raise money to carry the plan into effect, the Committee of Subscribers employed competent persons, unconnected with the engineer, to take borings across the river in that part, in three parallel lines; and on the 4th of April, 1824, they reported, that there was upon each line a stratum of strong, blue clay of sufficient density and tenacity to insure the safety of the intended Tunnel, and of considerable value, as the excavation proceeded; upon this encouraging report, the Committee approved of the locality proposed for the Tunnel.

"This very satisfactory account of the soil to be expected in the line of the intended excavation, induced Mr. Brunel to enlarge the dimensions of his original plan, and consequently the apparatus by which he intended to protect the excavation, until it should be perfectly secured by brickwork.

"The Act of Parliament having been obtained on the 24th of June, 1824, and Mr. Brunel appointed the engineer to the undertaking, he began his operations by making preparation for a shaft of 50 feet in diameter, which he commenced at 150 feet from the river, on the Rotherhithe side. This he effected by constructing first on the surface of the ground, a substantial cylinder of brickwork of that diameter, 42 feet in height, and 3 feet in thickness. Over this he set up the steam-engine necessary for pumping out the water, and for raising the earth to be taken from within the cylinder, and then proceeded to sink it *en masse* into the ground in the way that the shafts of wells are usually sunk. By this means he succeeded in passing through a bed of gravel and sand 26 feet deep, full of land-water, constituting, in fact, a quicksand in which the drift-makers formerly had been compelled to suspend their work, and ultimately to reduce the dimensions of their shaft from 11 to 8 feet as already mentioned.

"While this operation was in progress, Mr. Brunel received an intimation from eminent geologists, warning him of the existence of a bed of sand lying at a greater depth, and advising him to go as little as possible below the bottom of the river. This information corresponded with the account given before by the drift-makers respecting the existence of a quicksand, and its depths beneath the level of high water.

"The 50-feet shaft having been sunk to the depth of 65 feet, another, smaller shaft, 25 feet in diameter, destined to be a well or reservoir for the drainage of water, was also sunk from this lower level; but on approaching the depth of 80 feet, the ground gave way suddenly under this latter structure, which sunk several feet at once, the sand and water blowing up at the same

time. Thus was the previous intelligence confirmed of the existence and the nature of the bed of sand in question, by which information the engineer of the Thames Tunnel has been guided in the line that he has followed for his structure.

"The shaft and reservoir having been completed, the horizontal excavation for the body of the Tunnel was commenced at the depth of 63 feet: and in order to have sufficient thickness of ground to pass safely under the deep part of the river, the excavation was carried on a declivity of 2 feet 3 inches per hundred feet.

It must be remarked here, that the excavation which has been made for the Thames Tunnel is 38 feet in breadth, and 22 feet 6 inches in height, presenting a sectional area of 850 feet, and exceeding 60 times the area of the drift which was attempted before. As an illustration of the magnitude of the excavation for the Tunnel, it may be added that it is larger than the interior of the old House of Commons, which, being 32 feet in breadth by 25 feet in height, was only 800 feet in sectional area; and it may further be observed, that the base of this excavation, in the deepest part of the river, is 76 feet below high-water mark.

"It is by means of a powerful apparatus, which has been designated a *shield*, that this extensive excavation has been effected, and that the double roadway and paths, which now extend to nearly the middle of the river, have at the same time been constructed within it. This shield consists of 12 great frames, lying close to each other like as many volumes on the shelf of a book-case: these frames are 22 feet in height, and about 3 feet in breadth. They are divided into three stages or stories, thus presenting 36 chambers, or cells, for the workmen—namely, the miners, by whom the ground is cut down and secured in front; and the bricklayers, by whom the structure is simultaneously formed.

"Powerful and efficient as this apparatus has proved to be in accomplishing so considerable a part of the work as that which has been done, the influence of the tide upon some portion of the strata beneath the bed of the river, has greatly contributed to increase the labour, and to multiply the difficulties, and also to give them occasionally an awful character. That influence upon some of the strata, or upon some portions of the strata, had not been noticed by the drift-makers, owing most probably to the circumstance that more than nine-tenths of their excavation had been carried on under a bed of rock.

"The shield was placed in its first position at the bottom of the shaft by the 1st of January, 1826, and the structure of the double archway of the Tunnel was com-

menced under a bed of clay; but on the 25th of the same month, the substantial protection of clay was discovered to break off at once, leaving the shield for upwards of six weeks open to a considerable influx of land-water, copiously issuing from a bed of sand and gravel fed at each tide; and the progress of the work was, in consequence, much impeded.

"On the 11th of March, this fault or break in the clay was cleared, and the shield being again under a bed of clay, the work proceeded, and on the 30th of June, 1826, entered under the bed of the river, increasing daily in its progress; and by the 30th of April, 1827, the Tunnel had advanced 400 feet under the river; these 400 feet of the Tunnel were excavated, and the double archways substantially completed with brickwork in ten months and a half."

Here we halt, but intend resuming the subject early in our next volume.

The previous print is a view of the western archway of the Tunnel, lighted by gas, as it now appears.

xx/x
177.

THE HORIZONTAL MILL, AT BATTERSEA.

At page 198 of the present volume of the *Mirror*, is a notice of the ancient celebrity of this mill. The following addition to that notice, from Dr. Paris's *Philosophy in Sport*, may be deemed interesting:—

"Do not you remember, papa, when we were last in London, you pointed out to us a curious mill on the banks of the river, which went without any sails?"

"You allude to the horizontal mill, at Battersea."

"I remember it was at Battersea," observed Louisa; "and I dare say, papa, that you recollect the strange story which the waterman who rowed us down the river told Tom and myself. He said that, when the Emperor of Russia was in London, he took a fancy to the neat, little church at Battersea, and determined to carry it off to Russia; and that, for this purpose, he had sent a large packing-case; but, as the inhabitants refused to let the church be carried away, the case remained on the spot where it was deposited."

"It is not a bad story," said her father, "for the mill, certainly, both in size and figure, may be imagined to resemble a gigantic packing-case. The mill was erected by Captain Hooper, who also built a similar one at Margate. It consists of a circular wheel, having large boards or vanes fixed parallel to its axis, and arranged at equal distances from each other. Upon these vanes the wind can act, so as to blow the wheel round; but if it were to act upon the vane at both sides of the wheel, at once, it is evident that it could not have any tendency to turn it round; hence, one side of the wheel must

be sheltered, while the other is submitted to the full action of the wind. For this purpose, it is *inclosed* within a large, cylindrical framework, which is furnished with doors or shutters, on all sides, to open at pleasure and admit the wind, or to shut and stop it. If all the shutters on one side are open, whilst all those on the opposite side are closed, the wind, acting with undiminished force on the vanes at one side, whilst the opposite vanes are under shelter, turns the mill round; but, whenever the wind changes, the disposition of the blinds must be altered, to admit the wind to strike upon the vanes of the wheel in the direction of a tangent to the circle in which they move."

THE FAIRY RING.

(To the Editor.)

An attempt at explaining the origin of fairy-rings, will be found in the *Mirror*, (vol. xxiii., 308.) Dr. George Johnson observes that these fairy-rings, "so common on our grassy links and old pastures, and where

of old, the merry elves were seen,
Pacing with printless feet the dewy green,
were, when this land was 'ful filled of fairie,' believed to be the result of their reels: but now, when no man can 'see non elves mo,' another explanation has become necessary; and the only good one which has been offered is that which attributes them to the peculiar manner of growth which *Agaricus Oreades* and one or two other agarics affect. They *spring up in circles*. Each circle seems to exhaust the soil of some peculiar nourishment necessary for the growth of the fungi, and is rendered incapable of producing a second crop. Hence the circle must necessarily enlarge; for the defect of nutriment on one side, would necessarily cause the new roots to extend themselves solely in the opposite direction, and would occasion the circles of fungi continually to proceed by annual enlargements from the centre outwards. An appearance of luxuriance of the grass would follow as a natural consequence, as the soil of an interior circle would always be enriched by the decaying roots of the fungi of the preceding year's growth. Dr. Withering was the first to offer this explication of a very curious phenomenon, and it seems satisfactorily established by the subsequent observations of Dr. Wollaston."—*Flora of Berwick*.
J. H. F.

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

(Translated from the German of Ludwig Uhland.)

THREE stood an ancient castle once, a castle high and free,
Which looked across the verdant land, upon the distant sea;
And round about, like showery crowns, the blooming gardens ran,
And fountains that like rainbows show, played in the shining sun.

And there a haughty monarch sat, with wealth and glory crown'd,
And he sat upon his lofty throne, and darkly look'd and frown'd;
For all he thinks is terrible, and rage his visage lights,
And all he speaks are scourges, and death-warrants all he writes.

And there came to the monarch's castle once a noble minstrel pair,
And golden locks adorned the one, but grey was the other's hair:
The old man with the harp—he rode upon a milk-white horse,
And cheerily on foot the youth held on his joyful course.

Then to the youth the old man spoke:—"Prepare thee now, my boy,
And let our deepest, fairest songs this day our harp employ;
Let all our pow'r, (if aught we have,) to this labour be address'd,
For a fearful task we have to move the monarch's stony breast."

And, hark! it swells melodiously, their lay's enchanting sound,
And the king and queen sit on their throne, with the courtly throng around;
The king in shining garments, like the fiery meteors bright,
The queen as sweet, and mild, and fair, as the moon in starry night.

Then the aged minstrel swept the chords,—the sound was passing fair,
And mellow and mellow swell'd in the thrilling air:
The youth's sweet song streamed forth so clear, and higher rose and higher,
Like the music heard in lofty hills from airy spirit choir.

They sang of spring and loveliness, of the happy days of youth,
Of freedom and of glorious men, of piety and truth;
They sang of every feeling mild which lives in mortal breast,—
They sang of every feeling high which mortals e'er possess'd.

Then they bent before their injured God—that merry, thoughtless crowd,
And the haughty warriors gather'd there, before the Lord they bowed;
And the beauteous queen alternately by grief and joy oppress'd,
Cast down to them the blushing rose she wore upon her breast.

"Ye have seduced my people—will ye now seduce my queen?"
The tyrant cries with fury, and shakes for very spleen,
And darts through the youth's fair breast his sword, while his eye with anger gleams,
That instead of golden songs, aloft a purple fountain streams.

And the hearers stand around, o'erwhelm'd with terror and alarm,
For the noble youth has breathed his last on his aged master's arm;
And he throws his mantle round him, and seats him on his steed,
And binds him upright firmly, and quits the hall with speed.

Yet still before the lofty gate the aged minstrel stands,
And takes his harp, of harps the best, and lifts it in his hands,
And on the rock he hurls it down, and turns to those around,
Then loudly yells his vengeful cry, and fearful was the sound:—

"Thou haughty castle, woe to thee! may never
gentle song
Within thy marble-columned walls delight the list-
ning throng;
No! groans alone, and sighs, and tears, and slaves'
base tread shall sound,
Until the spirit of revenge has razed thee to the
ground.

And woe! ye gardens joyous in the May sun's
gentle glow;—
To you the dead one's countenance disfigured I will
show.
That ev'ry verdant leaf may dry, and ev'ry fountain
stay.

And thou mayst be a wilderness until the judgment-
day.

And woe to thee, thou murderer! thou curse of min-
strelsy!

In vain for wealth and bloody power, accursed, thou
sist try;
And thy name shall be forgotten in everlasting
night.

As the smoke of dying taper, which expires before
our sight."

The old man curs'd full loudly, and heaven heard
his prayer;

For that castle now lies lowly, and no sumptuous
halls are there,—

One marble column only shows of once imperial
might.

And 'that, all mouldering as it is, may perish ere the
night.

And instead of blooming gardens, now all dreary
lies the land,

No tree gives grateful shade around, no spring
bursts through the sand;

And the once proud monarch's name no songs, no
chronicles release—

'Tis buried in oblivion: such is the *Minstrel's*
Curse.

L. J. B.

The Naturalist.

NOTES ON SOME MODERN NATURAL HISTORY
WORKS.

Popular Zoology.

(Continued from page 363.)

Pugnacity of the Magpie.—"It is not
generally pugnacious, though Dr. Southey
saw, in Cumberland, three magpies give
battle to a hawk, and beat him."—(P. 302.)

A correspondent to the *Field Naturalist's*
Magazine, writing from the Isle of Wight,
says:—"A few months since, a peasant
brought me a female kestrel and a magpie,
which he had captured in a singular manner;
—whilst working in a field, he heard a great
scuffling on the other side of the hedge, and,
upon looking over, saw the kestrel and magpie
fighting on the ground. He got over the
hedge and approached them; the hawk en-
deavoured to escape, but the magpie held her
so firmly by the leg, which he had grasped
in his claw, that she could not escape; and
both were taken with the hand. The magpie
was very much wounded about the head, and
died in the course of the night. The hawk
did not appear to be hurt; but she refused
all food, and did not live long: she had lost
one eye in some former battle, but the socket
was quite healed and dried up."—(ii., p. 74.)

Mr. Blyth says that a medical friend of
his "witnessed a curious contest between a
magpie and a fine, full-grown hare; the bird
making frequent and furious pounces at the
hare, and pursuing it for a considerable dis-
tance, when the animal escaped by making
for a thick hedge, at the other side of which
it ran off to some distance from the place
where it had entered, and without being ob-
served by the bird."—(*Field Naturalist's*
Magazine, i., 48.)

**Golden Pheasant, (*Phasianus pictus*, p.
315.)**—"They are extremely delicate, and
require much care and attention."

Much of the difficulty of rearing golden
pheasants, "as well as of the tenderness of
constitution manifested by these birds, is
attributed by M. Temminck to the close con-
finement in which they are usually kept, and
to the very precautions which are taken to
preserve them from the effects of cold. He
advises that they should be gradually habi-
tuated, like the more common race, to the
large pheasantries in which the latter are
preserved, and doubts not that, as they mul-
tiplied under such circumstances, they would
become more and more hardy, until, at last,
they would be fully capable of supporting
the cold of our northern winters. The ex-
periment, he tells us, has already been made
in Germany, where they have been kept at
perfect liberty in an open pheasantry, in
company with the common species, and suf-
fered no greater inconvenience than the latter
from the change of seasons. We anticipate
an equally favourable result from the repeti-
tion, under the auspices of the Zoological
Society, of this attempt to naturalize so bril-
liant an addition to our native game. Such
an experiment could not have been made
with any success in the Gardens in the Re-
gent's Park; but the farm in the neighbour-
hood of Kingston, of which the Society has
lately become possessed, affords the fairest
prospect of carrying this and many similar
undertakings into complete effect."—(*Gardens of the Zoological Society Delineated*,
ii., 62.) "This splendid bird," says Bullock,
"is now bred in this country, and will stand
our winters tolerably well."—(*Companion to*
the London Museum, 1813, p. 69.)

Indian Fowls.—In 1813, Bullock's Mu-
seum contained a pair of Indian fowls, bred
in the woods of Mr. R. Hammond, in Nor-
folk.—(*Ibid.*, p. 313.)

**Crowned Crane, (*Baleocera Pavonina*,
p. 323.)**—"Its note has been compared by
Buffon to the hoarseness of a trumpet; it
likewise clucks like a hen."—(P. 324.)

Bullock says its cry is like the peacock's.
—(*Companion to*, &c., p. 63.)

**Animals breeding with others of a dif-
ferent genus, (p. 313.)**—It appears that the
Gardens of the Zoological Society contain a
hybrid bird, bred between a common pheas-

sant and a Guinea fowl, and another between the common pheasant and the common fowl.

Hybrids procured from the union of one species with another species belonging to the same genus, are common enough; but it is comparatively rare to obtain them from the union of an animal with some other not of its own genus, as in the above instances; for Nature seems to have impressed them with a feeling of repugnance against such irregularities. Yet it appears that sometimes these irregular unions take place voluntarily and by preference. Selby mentions a male widgeon, (*Mareca Penelope*), breeding with a female pintail, (*Querquedula acuta*), notwithstanding that females of his own species were kept on the same piece of water. He also mentions its pairing with the common duck, (*Anas domesticus*.) Mr. Reid, of Doncaster, has a specimen of a duck, deemed a wild hybrid between the pintail duck and the common wild duck, (*Anas Boschas*),* and Selby mentions a similar production. Mr. Henry Berry states that, "in the garden of James Hankin, a surveyor at Ormskirk, in Lancashire, a thistle and blackbird paired: this was well known to a number of individuals, myself amongst them. During two successive years, the birds reared their broods, which were permitted to fly, and evinced, in all respects, the features of strongly marked hybrids."†—"A domestic cat disappeared from a house in Penna. After being absent some time, she returned; and within the regular time produced four young ones, two of which strongly resembled the martin. Their claws were not retractile, as in the cat, and the snout was elongated like that of the pine martin. The two others of the same litter more nearly resembled the cat, as they had retractile claws and round heads. All of them had the black feet, tail, and ears of the martin; and they killed birds and small animals, more for the pleasure of destroying them, than for food. The proprietor endeavoured to multiply this race, and to prevent their intermixing with the other domestic cats, in which he proved highly successful. In the space of a few years, he reared more than a hundred of these animals, and made a very beautiful article of furriery of their skins. A specimen presented to the (Moscow) Society of Natural History, was of the third or fourth generation; and it retained all the characters of the first. The fur is as beautiful and silky as that of the pine martin."—(*Brown's Anecdotes of Quadrupeds*. 1831. p. 307.) In the *History of Brutes*, by W. Fraasius, Englished by N. W. (1670), p. 250, it is said that hybrids have been sometimes produced between the bull and the ass. Even for two animals belonging to the same genus to breed voluntarily

and by choice is extraordinary. "I am informed," says Mr. Blyth, "that in some parts of the north of Scotland, nothing is more common than to see the hooded crow, (*Corvus cornix*), paired with a black crow. The gardener of Mr. —, of Merton, a very intelligent naturalist and accurate observer, tells me that, when residing in Inverness, he, for several successive years, observed five or six crows' nests, the owners of each of which, in every instance, were one black crow, (*C. coron.*) and one hooded crow, which consequently he always considered to be merely the male and female of the same species."—(*Field Naturalist's Magazine*, i., 279.) Another correspondent to the same work, (S. H. of Edinburgh,) says, that for four successive years, he had opportunities of witnessing the pairing of the carrion crow with the hooded crow, on some large beech-trees surrounding his house in Forfarshire. "They never re-occupied the old nest, nor did they always build their nest on the same tree; nor was I positively certain that they were the same individuals who returned every year to these trees, though it is probable they were, for they were never molested. Knowing the predatory propensities of the carrion crow on hen's eggs, young chicks, and even turkey poults, I would have shot them had they been a pair of carrion crows; but I was anxious to watch the result of what appeared to me at the time a remarkable union. Judging from the manners of the two birds, the almost constant incubation and carefulness exhibited, I should say that the hooded crow was the female, though the carrion crow did frequently sit on the eggs. After the young of the first year took wing, I perceived that the one was a carrion and the other a hooded crow; and this distinctive character was maintained in the young which were hatched every year, as long as I remained in that part of the country. I shot the first young pair, and ascertained that the hooded one was the female, and the carrion was the male, which confirmed me in my conjecture of the sexes of the parents. Ever after, young and old were unmolested by me; but notwithstanding the increase of number every year after the first one, only one pair came annually to build on these beech trees."—(*Ibid.*, p. 239.)

Eagle-owl, (p. 285.)—"When it beats for prey, it flies very low, and often by its large size and singular appearance, attracts the attention of kites, crows, and other birds, which follow after it with apparent astonishment. Hence, it is sometimes made use of to draw down the kite from her high flight, so that a falcon may get above her, and dispatch her. It is also sometimes used in a cage, or otherwise confined, but visible, to attract and enable the keepers to destroy those birds which plunder the nests and eat

* *Magazine of Natural History*, ix. 107.

† *Ibid.*, vii. 609.

the young in pheasant preserves."—(*Mudie's Feathered Tribes*, i., p. 139.) Buffon says, "the owl and the screech-owl are used to entice small birds to the net."

Do female parrots talk? (p. 343.)—"Both sexes readily learn to pronounce words, and they have been taught to sing, though very rarely."

Mr. W. H. White says that a female parrot which has been living for several years with a family in Bow Churchyard, London, has not yet learned to talk; and he is told that "the female parrot cannot learn to talk."—(*Mag. Nat. Hist.*, ix., 349.) We think, however, that he has been wrongly informed. Bechstein says of the ash-coloured parrot, (*Psittacus erithacus*), which is commonly taught to speak and whistle, that "the male and female are alike, and learn with equal facility."—(*Cage Birds*, p. 95.)

Parrot tribe, (p. 342.)—"Since the year 1805, the period of the publication of M. Le Vaillant's magnificent work on parrots, one hundred and fifty species, or varieties, have been discovered by naturalists. M. F. G. Levaillant has just undertaken to publish these species in order to complete this beautiful work. The first number has appeared, the plates of which are exquisite; and the type and size correspond with the other two volumes."—(*Athenæum*, January 23, 1836.)

Destructiveness of Parrots, (p. 356.)—"The parrot in its wild state, feeds on fruits and grain, and is as choice as it is expert in getting at the pulp or inner part of the former, and ridding the latter of its husks."

"It was related to me, that formerly such multitudes of parrots would beset a field of grain, as to oblige a settler to employ a number of men expressly to drive them away; and even then it was done with difficulty. This is now rare; which circumstance is not attributed to any depopulation of the 'Polly tribe,' but from cultivation having become more extended; the parrot population being now divided in flocks about the different fields, when formerly they made their formidable attacks upon one or two only, and then in such numbers, that, left undisturbed for only a few hours, it would suffice to destroy the hopes of the settler, at all events for that season. It was computed that thirty or forty thousand of these birds were about the field at one time; and from what I saw, I do not consider the numbers were exaggerated."—(*Bennett's Wanderings in New South Wales*, &c.)

Longevity of Parrots, (p. 356.)—"Parrots have lived sixty years; their usual age, however, is from twenty to thirty years, and when further prolonged it is stated that the bill becomes so much hooked as to be unserviceable in taking food."

Instances of parrots attaining, respectively, the ages of eighty and of one hundred, are

mentioned in Mr. Fennel's paper on the Longevity of Animals. (See *Mirror*, present volume, p. 181.)

Birds oiling their plumage, (p. 357.)—"They have two united glands on the rump, which secrete a mucous oil, to be pressed out by the bill of the bird to anoint its feathers, and replace them when they are decomposed. Aquatic birds have their feathers dressed with this oil from first leaving the shell; but the feathers of other birds are only dressed previous to a shower. Thomson thus alludes to this oleous unction:—

The plucky people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the local moisture off."

In the *Magazine of Natural History*, there is going on a warm dispute between Waterton, the renowned mermaid-catcher, and some other correspondents, as to whether any birds lubricate their plumage from an oil-gland. We ourselves have seen birds frequently apply their bills to the part where the assumed oil-gland is situated, and then afterwards prune their feathers; but our observations were never made so closely as to admit of our actually seeing the oil ooze out of the gland into the bird's beak, and be from that transferred to the feathers—an observation impossible to be made, but, nevertheless, required by Mr. Waterton as the only one that can ever make him believe that birds oil their plumage. The authoress of that ancient work, *The Booke of Haukynges*, &c., (commonly called *The Booke of St. Albans*), says, "The hauke fetcheth oyle with her beake over the taile, and anointeth her feet and her fethers." J. H. F.

THE CROCODILE OF EGYPT.

We have been much gratified with the following discriminating remarks in the second volume of *Egyptian Antiquities*, in the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*:—

"The Crocodile was a sacred animal in some districts, but not in all. We have given a print of this formidable reptile, from the French work on Egypt, (*see the Cut*;) and we recommend those who are admirers of the old traveller of Halicarnassus to compare his description of the exterior form and habits of this animal, (ii. 68, &c.) with the commentary of M. Geoffroy-Saint-Hilaire, (*Annales du Muséum d'Hist. Nat.*, tom ix., and *Description de l'Égypte*, Reptiles.) The result of it will certainly not tend to diminish his respect for the most careful of all ancient observers, and the most voracious of all travellers. We believe that the crocodile is not seen now in the Delta, but he is found sometimes in great numbers in the Thebaid and the Upper Nile. Part of M. Saint-Hilaire's information was derived from the fishermen near Luxor and Carnak, about whose degree of information



(The Crocodile of the Nile.)

the Frenchman makes a curious and instructive remark. He says that the fishermen of Egypt know more about the inhabitants of the water than their brother fishermen in Europe. They inherit the profession, the son from the father, and thus the practice of their art is carefully transmitted from one to another; for there is nothing which they dislike so much as useless labour. When they speak of an animal, they remark just as the naturalists do, "such an animal is of this or that genus; such another is only a variety of it."

"It should be borne in mind that there are several animals of the saurian family in Egypt.* The chief is the large animal so minutely described by Herodotus; and this is the reptile that we mean in common discourse, when we mention the crocodile. The other is the *monitor*, improperly called the *tupinambis*, of which there are two species, both called in Arabic by the name *waran* or *waraf*, but distinguished by the titles of the land *waraf* and the water *waraf*. The land *waraf* has sharp teeth, a round tail, and a body of the colour of flesh, with large, dark patches on it. This may be the land crocodile of Herodotus,† which he says is very like a lizard: it is also supposed to be the skink (*ektylos*) of Dioscorides. The aquatic *waraf*, (*Lacerta Nilotica*,) has his tail compressed laterally; all his body is covered with a green mixed with yellow, and darkened by little, black marks. The Egyptians told M. G. Saint-Hilaire that this *waraf* is the first state of the young crocodile, which is, however, completely false. This animal swims very well, and causes great destruction among the young crocodiles, who can only save themselves by taking shelter among the larger ones of their species. He also hunts the crocodile's eggs, and devours them like the ichneumon. The reader may see in the French work on Egypt, the plates of the saurians, there called *tupinambis*.

"Besides the land *waraf*, there are other

* G.-St.-Hilaire.

† iv. 192.

saurians which may possibly represent the terrestrial crocodile of Herodotus.

"It seems probable that Herodotus has, in some instances at least, confounded the monitor and the crocodile, considering them as one animal; and that the only one that was tamed‡ was the smaller one, the monitor. 'Among § some of the Egyptians, the crocodile is sacred, while others treat him as an enemy. The people of Thebes, and those about the Lake Mœris, have a profound respect for him. Each person has a tame, pet crocodile; he puts pendants of glass and gold in his ears, bracelets about his fore feet, and gives him his regular allowance of food daily. When the crocodile dies, he is embalmed and placed in the sacred tombs. The inhabitants in the neighbourhood of Elephantine kill the crocodile having no notion at all of his sanctity.' Thevenot says that he tasted crocodile's flesh in Egypt, and found it good, though rather insipid. The barbarians, he says, eat heartily, and make a great feast of it. In the time of Strabo,|| a sacred crocodile was kept in a pond near Arainoe, formerly called the City of Crocodiles. This animal was quite tame to the priests, and was called *Suchos*.¶ He lived well, his ordinary diet being bread, meat, and wine, which he got from travellers who came to see him. 'Our host,' says Strabo, 'who

‡ Perhaps they pulled his teeth out before they domesticated him; as the boatmen of Cairo now do with the land *waraf*.

§ Herod., ii. 69.

|| P. 811. Casaub.

¶ This word *Suchos* probably denotes not a species, but the tame crocodile merely, which, as already observed, M. G.-St.-Hilaire conjectures to be the smaller and less fierce of the two species of crocodiles which he observed in Egypt. In the Egyptian dictionary of Kircher, *Pi-souchi* is given as the Coptic name for crocodile, but De Saey affirms this word to be a fabrication by Kircher. The Coptic word for crocodile is "emash" or "hamsa," which, with the feminine article prefixed, has made the Arabic word "timsah," which is now in common use on the banks of the Nile. Herodotus was acquainted with this name, which he gives under the form "champsas" (χαμψα-).

was a man of importance there, and our guide to all the sacred things, went with us to the pond, taking with him from table a small cake, some roasted meat, and a small cup of mulled wine. We found the crocodile lying on the margin. The priests straightway went up to him, and while some of them opened his mouth, another put in the cake, crammed down the flesh, and finished by pouring down the wine. The crocodile then jumped into the pond, and swam over to the other side. A person who happened to be drowned in the Nile, or killed by a crocodile, was embalmed by the priests, and placed in the sacred tombs.

"But Egyptian notions as to sacred things seem not a little strange and contradictory: the crocodile was also one of the symbols of Typhon, the evil genius, and the murderer of Osiris. So ugly and detestable an animal was a very appropriate representative of the cruel and revengeful deity. It was also an Egyptian notion that Typhon assumed this form to avoid the vengeance of Horus, the son of Osiris."

MEDICAL BOTANY.

At the first general meeting of the Medico-Botanical Society this season, Dr. Sigmond read the report, detailing the progress of the science of botany, in relation to medicine, from the earliest periods of which we have any records. He stated that the knowledge of the natures of medicinal plants had been cultivated in this island in the time of the Britons, had been followed up by the monks, (although not exclusively by them,) on the introduction of Christianity; and soon became the subject of numerous publications after the invention of printing. Many manuscripts upon the subject exist in the libraries of Cambridge and of the British Museum, from the 13th to the 14th century; amongst them is the manuscript of John Bray. The first work was published in 1516, and was called *The Great Herbal*, giving a knowledge and understanding of all herbs. This was the origin of all the works in the time of Henry VIII. From this period might be dated the study of medical botany, and Dr. Turner might be considered the originator of the science. There then appeared a history of plants in the Dutch language, which gave rise to the *Herbal of Gerard*. On the discovery of the new world, Cavendish and Raleigh brought forward productions which were now so common that it was a wonder how society could have existed without them. Other works were speedily translated from the Spanish, and received with impatience. Astrology subsequently came to be mixed up with the science, and was not discarded till after a long and vehement controversy amongst the different professors of this

science and chemistry. By degrees, a better knowledge was obtained of the vegetable kingdom; and it was found that men, if gifted with ideas, could procure remedies which were not afforded by other means. Dr. Sigmond trusted that the time was not far distant when the infusion of herbs would be more generally employed than it hitherto had been, as the science would amply repay the investigation. He then referred to the collection of specimens on the table. They had been gathered by Mr. Batley, and embraced the whole of the narcotics employed in medicine, principally from the vegetable kingdom. They were from leaves grown at Mitcham, and dried under Mr. Batley's own inspection. Among them were some specimens of opium. The method pursued by the Turks in preparing this article was to moisten the opium with spittle instead of water. They persisted in this course notwithstanding all the objections that were made to it. The Government of Constantinople now monopolized the trade, and although there was a deal of smuggling, the cultivators grow it with less spirit than heretofore. It was satisfactory to know that the opium in this country was infinitely better than the opium in any other part of Europe, as had been found upon the transmission of some specimens to France.—*Morning Herald Report*.

The Public Journals.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

A CURIOUS revolution is taking place in whatever constitutes that very curious and undefinable thing—wit. We are importing it from America! The whole growth of Europe is confessed to be utterly exhausted. Spain, the old land of pleasantries in its best, because its gravest form, is otherwise occupied. A regent, a royal minor, a king, a dozen armies all slaying each other, a pair of new constitutions, equally hostile; and misery, disease, famine, and faction, following in the train of war, are full employment for all the genius of the land of Cervantes and Lope. Italy is an idler by profession;—half monk, half mime,—the convent and the theatre employ all the national faculties. And if this region of vestals and volcanoes sends out a prima donna once in every half dozen years, it has done all that the living race of mankind ever expects from Italy.

Germany, mother of the Goths, is busy breeding mysteries of all kinds, from homœopathics to Prince Hohenlohe himself—all dreamy, drivelling, and dull. The march of mind there, like many another march, has run over the ground with so heavy a tread, that it has trampled the soil into sterility. Since the Freischütz, the whole genius of Germany, toiling as it ever is to bring

forth, has not produced an offspring that has lived long enough to speak. In the best of times, Germany was incapable of wit. Its most brilliant sparkings scarcely emulated the flame of its own pipes. It never aspired even to a Joe Miller. All its collected *bon mots* would not have covered a page of one of its own little, dingy newspapers. Its whole *Sylva* of pleasantry would not have supplied the wrapping of a cigar.

France is France no more. The age of chivalry there is utterly gone. Cocks and coffee-houses are to be found there still. The Palais-Royal still boasts its tailors and toy-shops. But the spirit that once animated them all is past away on the winds, though whether upwards or downward, it might not be within our inclination to divulge. The land has become as solemn as an idiot determined to look wise. Even M. Scribe himself has lost his merriment and turned Pharisee. His little fragments of interludes, the utmost soaring of his little faculties in other days, have been pieced, prolonged, and perplexed into five-act "Dramas." Easy burlesque is transformed into starched absurdity; and his soubrette muse stalks forth in the wig and fardingale of a maid of honour to Catherine de Medicis. To sum all in one killing sentence, he borrows from the German. We owe M. Scribe this acknowledgment for his sneaky petulance to England, and the writers of England, from whom he has long rejoiced to beg, borrow, and steal.

The bills drawn for wit, and dishonoured in Europe, are now negotiating in America; and Jonathan, to his infinite astonishment, is called for to make returns of a commodity once as much above his hopes as one of the horns of the moon. Passing by Mr. Forest, whom one of our philosophers speaks of as having come, by some recon-dite law of nature, to compensate for our export of Miss Tree and Mrs. Wood to the "States,"—the present embodying of Transatlantic wit is a Mr. Hill. The same philosopher has observed that, though humour is generally low, it has taken *high ground* on this occasion: and that the two Yankees are very fairly allied; the Hill sustaining the Forest, and the Forest overtopping the Hill. Mr. Hill exhibits as the Yankee pedlar, a character which may be defined as the essence of humbug,—the knave, *par excellence*, the visible spirit of chicanery,—simplicity dipped in the profound of roguery—a pedlar as much exceeding the European professors of the art, as the benefit of a soil congenial to trickery, aided by perpetual practice, can enhance a talent originally made for the perfection of swindling. Yet it must be owned that this bright character has not found its true painter in the author of the drama, for it is inexorably dull. Mr. Hill, however, deserves the more praise. Nothing can be more *native* than his knavery.

If we met him in the depths of one of his own forests, we should feel as if we heard the playhouse cry—"Take care of your pockets." If we met him in the drawing-room at St. James's, we should instinctively feel for our purse, and reckon our rings. If we heard of his having gone to Bengal, we should expect to hear of the general pillage of begums and bungalows; and if his return to London were but conjectured, we should look for the fact in the Hue and Cry, or in some exquisite exploit on the Stock Exchange. All this is Mr. Hill's own—the mere merit of his sheepish look, his awkward gait, and his lisping tongue,—alternating with his subtlety, his forwardness, and his volubility. Some of his *hite*, as they are technically called, have oddity; but the oddity is still too Transatlantic for our taste. Thus he puffs his razors by saying, that "you have only to oil one of them, lay it under your pillow, and you will get up, clean shaved, in the morning." The Colonel, a woodman, charges him with having sold him a pair of pomeys, whose tails came off in his hand. The pedlar disproves the charge by saying, that whenever he sells horses with false tails, he takes care "to stick them on well." He tells two or three stories, remarkable only for their long-windedness, and for their puzzling the Colonel, who being born to be puzzled, the task is unworthy of the talent. The Colonel is altogether Carolinian; full of vociferous talk of his rifle, his sangaree, and his "niggers;" very hot, very loud, very thirsty, and alike corpulent and commonplace. The plot turns on his having laid a wager on his horse, which, as riding in person is out of the question, he is extremely anxious to win by some deputy of first-rate qualifications. A young lover of his daughter, disguised as a menial, undertakes the feat, succeeds, entitles the Colonel to "a many hundred hard dollars;" and having thus whipped and spurred his way to the father's heart, as he had already sighed and sonnetteered to the young lady's, all ends in the usual stage-style of happiness—marriage. A proof how widely the stage differs from the world,—the troubles of the one ending where the troubles of the other begin,—the one arriving in port while the other is putting out to sea.

A letter, from M. Tricoupi, the ambassador of King Otho, to Lord Palmerston, has just announced the terrors of Greece at the approach of the cholera. Quarantines, cordons, and all the usual and wholly impotent precautions are provided, and the ships and travellers of Italy are warned off the coasts of the Hellenic kingdom. Of all diseases, this is the most extraordinary. Capricious, yet constant; partial, yet finally universal; slight in some part of its progress, overwhelming in others, passing through all

climates, influenced by none; a winter epidemic in one land, a summer scourge in another; seizing alike on every country and on every species of population; sometimes yielding to the most trivial remedy, sometimes baffling the most approved. Utterly defying all systematic cure, it remains now, after half-a-dozen years of its traverse through the world, the same mysterious, resistless, perpetually moving calamity. A map of the cholera would comprehend almost every region of the civilized world. But the strange diversity of its course alone would make it memorable. Beginning in Central India, pouring over the range of the Himalah into the wild plains to the north, and terrifying the hordes of Tartary. Then shaping its course to the westward, and destroying all within that course to the head of the Caspian. Turning thence more directly on Europe, and falling on St. Petersburg, Moscow, and the central provinces of Russia, it paused for awhile within the Russian empire, as if to give time for Western and Southern Europe to prepare. Then suddenly spreading along the northern shores of Germany, and consuming the squalid population of their commercial cities, it came unaccountably among ourselves.

Its visitation in England was remarkable for its mildness, for its limitation to peculiar districts, and for its singularly capricious seizure of individuals. At Newcastle, while it fell heavily on one-third of the town, the other two districts comparatively escaped. In London, the seizures were chiefly in the narrower parts of the city, and the suburbs stretching along the river-side. The only characteristic of the disease yet distinctly ascertainable is, that it exists with almost unailing power in the vicinity of great rivers. Beggary, squalidness, nakedness, and intoxication, are all in danger of attack. But damp and discomfort in the neighbourhood of great rivers appear to render its ravages almost inevitable.

From the North of Germany it divided into two branches, one taking its course to England, and one sweeping to the south—the central provinces of Germany suffered heavily, and Vienna lost a vast number of its poorer population. From Vienna, again, returning to the North, and crossing the Rhine, it entered France, passed through the provinces with comparatively slight mortality, but fell upon Paris with redoubled venom. The mortality in that capital was unequalled; within a few weeks twenty thousand died. The disease then seemed to pause. It suddenly started up in America, transferred none knew how. After ravaging the United States, it crossed the Lakes and the St. Lawrence, and spread terror through Canada.

From Canada, it made its way through the forests, and destroyed a portion of the Indian population, which might have seemed to defy the inflictions of Europe in their unfathomable solitudes. But the cholera was not to be escaped, and the mortality was deeply felt among the thinned tribes of the vast country stretching in the rear of the United States. Thence, by a sudden spring, it fell upon Mexico, the Havannah, and the Spanish settlements south of the line, finally wandering away into the deserts, until life went out, and disease could slay no more. It then crossed the Atlantic again, and threw Europe into new alarm at a disease which thus seemed to be marked for the perennial scourge of the earth. But its visitation, as it passed along, was now slight, until it reached the confines of Mahometanism. There it swept all before it, as if kindled from some new furnace of wrath—it devastated Egypt by thousands, and tens of thousands. From Egypt it ascended to Constantinople. There it rivalled the plague. Multitudes perished. It then partially returned to Russia and Germany. In the Polish war it fearfully increased the miseries of that time of wretchedness and blood. Constantine, the Archduke, closed his half insane and tyrannical life by it; and Diabitch, the famous passer of the Balkan, with a large share of the Russian army, were carried to the grave along with him. Spain, Portugal, and Italy still had escaped; and the world was asking by what means this singular preservation was effected, when the cholera broke out in Lisbon—from Lisbon it passed to Madrid, and from Spain to Italy. In Italy, it is now raging. The east coast has been seized within these few months, and Greece, the nearest shore, is tremblingly adopting measures of precaution. Bosnia, and the wild country bordering on the north of her kingdom, is already seized, and thousands are perishing day by day. When the science and comforts of civilized countries, have been so ineffectual, what resistance can be made by the ignorance and wretchedness of barbarism. The disease will take its way through the wilderness, and cease only, as it ceased in South America, by its going beyond the confines of man.

In this sketch, which of course has merely traced the leading lines of its progress, we have a view of the most extraordinary operation on human mortality within the history of our species. The great plagues which have visited Europe since the fall of the Roman empire have all had nearly a common character. All have fallen, with more or less violence, upon the extremity of the continent, when it touched upon the realms of Mahometanism, always the original soil of the disease, and have thence gone regularly on, covering the earth with corpses, like the

march of a destroying army. In the lesser plagues, peculiar cities were ravaged, as in the plague of London; and like the violence of fever, in a sick chamber, the disease terminated with the death of those seized within the limit, and beyond was harmless. But the cholera more resembled the floating of a cloud charged with elements of death—here scarcely shadowing the atmosphere, there turning it into utter darkness—in one region sweeping onward with uncontrollable rapidity, in the next lingering till it almost ceased to move. Carried, as if by the chances of the wind, passing by kingdoms that lay directly in its path, hurrying to others across mountains and plains—apparently omitting some whose poverty contained every predisposition for disease, and fixing on others where every human power was ready to repel its devastation, yet finally smiting all.

It is not for us to weigh the wisdom of Providence, nor to announce its mysterious will. But if it had been that will to awake the mind of nations to a peculiar sense of a Supreme Being at this time, or perhaps to prepare them for some moral and physical trial speedily demanding all their moral preparation, could, at least, the wisdom of man conceive a more powerful teacher than the progress of this strange and powerful agent of mortality? A lesson, gradual yet unremitting, individual yet national, slow yet impressive, not destroying with one wild burst of ruin, but sparing even in the midst of destruction, and giving its teaching successively to every people of the civilized globe—Can such things be, and be for nothing? Or does the declared course of Providence entitle us to believe that they are? Or is there not a sudden, strange, and fierce outburst of mingled unbelief, profligacy, and rebellion in the world of our day, sufficient to more than vindicate the Divine visitation?—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Retrospective Cleanings.

HABERDASHERS.

In the beginning of the reign of Edward IV. (says an old writer), there were only twelve haberdashers' shops in London; but in 1580, the whole street from Westminster towards Charing Cross was crowded with them. The following articles were among the wares sold by these haberdashers or milliners: namely, gloves made in France and Spain; kerseys of Flanders dye; French cloth, or frizado; spurs made in Venice and Milan; girdles from Spain; French or Milan caps; croaches, brooches, aizzets, daggers, swords, knives, glasses, painted cruises, dials, tables, balls, inkhorns, toothpicks, curds, puppets, silk buttons, silver buttons, fine earthen pots, hawks' bells, salt-cellars, spoons, and tin dishes.

W. G. C.

SUPERSTITION.

(From an ancient M.S. in the British Museum.)

IN the year of our Lord MCCII., there fell great rains and strong lightnings and thunders; and great hailstones, of the greatness of hens' eggs, fell down among the rain, whereby trees, vines, and corn, and all manner of fruit, were much destroyed, and the people was sore abashed; for there were seen fowls flying in the air, bearing in their bills burning coals that burned many houses.

In the year of our Lord MCCXIII., the Emperor Baldwin, who, when he went to battle to fight with God's enemies, had a cross borne before him, which cross St. Helen made of the cross which Christ died upon. An English priest, by name Hugh, born in Norfolk, being there the same time, brought the same cross to Bromholm.* Also, this same year, upon St. Luke's day, there blew a great wind out of the north-east, which cast down many houses, steeples, and turrets of churches, and it also fell foul with woods and orchards; at which time fiery dragons and wicked spirits, great number, were seen openly in the air, flying and dancing.

EXTEMPORÉ PREACHING IN THE CHURCH.

THE following is a copy of the mandate addressed by Charles II. to the University of Cambridge:—"Vice-Chancellor and Gentlemen,—Whereas his Majesty is informed that the practice of reading sermons is generally taken up by the preachers before the University, and therefore continues even before himself: his Majesty hath commanded me to signify to you his pleasure that the said practice, which took its beginning from the disorders of the late times, be wholly laid aside, and that the said preachers deliver their sermons, both in Latin and English, by memory without book, as being a way of preaching which his Majesty judgeth most agreeable to the use of foreign churches, to the custom of the University heretofore, and to the nature of that holy exercise; and that his Majesty's commands in these premises may be truly regarded and observed, his further pleasure is, that the names of all such ecclesiastical persons as shall continue the present supine and slothful way of preaching, be from time to time signified to me by the Vice-Chancellor for the time being, on pain of his Majesty's displeasure.—Monmouth, Oct. 8, 1674."

W. G. C.

TRUNK BREECHES.

DURING the reign of Henry VIII., was introduced the fashion of wearing the trunk breeches or slope, which swelled out to an enormous size, and were stuffed with rags, * Bromholm, in Norfolk, a priory of Clunian monks.

wool, tow, or hair. The following curious story, relating to this fashion is given by Holinshed:—A prisoner appearing before a judge to answer an accusation against him, at the time that the law prohibited wearing baize stuffed into the breeches, was told that he wore his breeches contrary to the law: he began to excuse himself of the offence, and endeavouring by little and little to discharge himself of that which he did wear within them, he drew out of his breeches a pair of sheets, two table cloths, ten napkins, four shirts, a brush, a glass, and a comb, night caps, and other things of use, saying, (all the hall being strewed with this furniture), "Your highness may understand, that because I have no safer storehouse, these pockets do serve me for a room to lay up my goods in, and though it be a straight prison, yet it is a storehouse big enough for them, for I have many things more of value yet within it." And so his discharge was accepted, and well laughed at; and they commanded him, that he should not alter the furniture of his storehouse, but that he should rid the hall of his stuff, and keep them as it pleased him. It is stated in the *Harl. MSS.*, that over the seats in the parliament house were holes, two inches square, in the wall, in which were posts, supporting a scaffold round the rooms, for the use of those who wore great breeches, stuffed with hair, like woolsnacks. The scaffolds continued till the reign of the Elizabeth, when they were taken down, the fashion having for a long time been discontinued.

W. G. C.

New Books.

THE DAUGHTER. A PLAY.

By James Sheridan Knowles.

[A play, such as the author of *Virginius* and the *Hunchback* has just produced, is almost a phenomenon—an oasis in the dramatic desert to which our stage is now fast verging. The *Daughter*, (we leave the *Wrecker's Daughter* to the Drury Lane play-bills,) is a production worthy of the best dramatic poet of our times: it is full of poetry and nature, fire and feeling; and in it is worked out the noblest end of the drama. Its interest is, moreover, of that domestic character, which seven years since we remember predicting to a living dramatist would soon take fast hold on the sympathies of the play-going public.

The scene lies upon the coast of Cornwall, and the characters are drawn from those extraordinary specimens of humanity, named wreckers, from their living upon the plunder obtained from vessels wrecked upon that iron-bound coast: the scenery and manners of which district, by the way, have frequently been vividly described in our pages, by our clever correspondent, *Vygan*. The plot of

Mr. Knowles's play has been ingeniously drawn from such an incident as *Vygan* has occasionally interwoven with his sketches. The author acknowledges his subject to have been suggested to him by his son. If we remember rightly, a sketch by Mr. Knowles, entitled the *Wreckers*, appeared in one of the *Annuals* a year or two since; but, we are not aware of its identity with the plot of the present drama. We shall proceed to a brief outline of the story, and a few specimens of the poetry.

The *Wrecker's Daughter*, Marian, with the consent of her father, Robert, is betrothed to Edward, a young sailor, who, at the opening of the play, is about to take his last voyage, previous to his marriage. The girl is also wooed by Black Norris, a wrecker who is suspected of adding murder to plunder, and his attempt to obtain the consent of Marian to marry him forms the texture of the plot of the play. The villain thus sets to work: a ship is driven ashore, and Robert, breaking his promise, and in opposition to his daughter's entreaties, joins the wreckers on the beach. Norris, feigning to help him to plunder, directs him to a body that is washed ashore. Marian, who has followed her father, at length, persuades him to return home after this touching effort:—

Robert (rising).—What brought thee hew, my child?—Thou ne'er before
Durst follow me.

Marian.—I came to look for thee:
And to persuade thee to come home with me.
Thou tremblest—Thou art pale—as livid as
The lightning! Dost thou hear? 'Tis every where!
Not the clouds only, but the very air—
The very sea—the very earth—do thunder!
All—ail is din and fire! It is right
For man to tremble!

Robert.—'Tis not that!

Marian.—What then?

Robert.—I took thee for thy mother, Marian!

Marian.—Think me her still, and what she'd have
thee do,

Do, by the love thou still dost bear to her!
Forswear this lawless life!—Thou woudst not rob
A living man!—Tis manlier to strip
The living, than the dead!

Robert.—This night's the last!

Marian.—This night!—O, no!—The last night be
the last!

Who makes his mind up that a thing is wrong,
Yet says he'll do that thing for the last time,
Doth but commence anew a course of sin,
Of which that last sin is the leading one,
Which many another, and a worse, will follow!
At once begin! How many, at this hour,
Alive as thou art, will not live to see
To-morrow's light!—If thou shouldst be cut off!
Should thy last sin be done, on thy last night!
Should Heaven avenge itself on that last sin
Thou dost repentingly!—My father, come!—
O! a bad conscience, and a sudden death!
Come home!—Come home!—Come home!

Robert.—I'll follow thee.

I'll fetch my boat-hook, and my other gear,
And follow thee.

[Exit.

[While Robert is gone, Norris steals in, and in sight of Marian, stabs the body, while she mistakes him for her father. Robert returns, and is found plundering the body by other wreckers, sent by Norris, who finding

Robert's knife "fast in the dead man's breast," take him into custody for the murder. Norris being one of the watch by night, tells Robert that he thinks him innocent, offers to let him escape, and supplies him with money to cross the sea; he accepts them and departs. Wolf, a comrade of Norris, then informs him that the body, which was still living when he stabbed it, was that of his own father. Norris is horrified; and to secure himself, persuades Wolf, to whom alone the facts are known, to take passage to a distant land. A scene of powerful interest ensues, in which Marian bewails her father's suspected guilt in these pathetic lines:—]

Marian.—My father's house! O would it were indeed.

My father's house, as I did know it once. I were content to be a wrecker's child! But now I have a feeling as all things Did loathe me!—E'en the threshold which from childhood

I have been used to pass!—I entered it With doubt, as though I cross'd it 'gainst its will; The very bed I have slept in every night For eighteen years, did seem to say to me, "Lie on the floor!"—And when in agony I threw myself upon the floor, I shrink, As that did spur me too, and cry to me, "Thou art the daughter of a murderer!" Me, that when household use required the life Of a poor brainless bird, would run a mile To get some other hand to take it, nor Could even then look on!—But where is nature? She has been scared away, but now returns, Oh my poor father!—Oh my luckless father! My hapless, guilty father!—Will the day Never more break—I only wait for it To seek for him, and comfort him, and tell him That I am still his child—his Marian!

[Robert enters to take leave: her manner is changed—he misses the accustomed kiss—questions her belief as to his guilt, which the girl, in purity of heart and thought, cannot doubt, from what she witnessed on the beach: she entreats her father to fly, but he, failing to extract her disbelief of his guilt, is overwhelmed with horror, and resolves to stay and abide the issue: he is taken by his pursuers, and dragged to justice in the following scene—the finest in the drama:—]

Act. IV.—Scene 1.—A Waiting Room.

Enter Ambrose and Philip.

Ambrose.—He is committed, and I pity him! To be condemned upon the evidence Of his own daughter! 'Tis unnatural To take away the life that gave us life! This comes of learning!—Had it been a child Of yours, or mine, what heed would she have taken Of a false oath, to save a father's life? Her mother was a sort of lady—ay, The daughter of a broken gentleman, Took up his quarters in the cottage, while Old Robert's father liv'd. They fell in love, And at the father's death, they married.

Philip.—So Did come her lady breeding. *Ambrose.*—Even so. She, as her mother did before, it seems Doth quarrel with the freedom that we take With dead men's gear; and to the beach must needs Follow her father—She had better far Have sought her death, for what a curse must now Her life be to her! Was't not strange she fainted

Soon as her evidence was done, and yet Could give that evidence!

Philip.—Here comes old Robert.

Enter Robert between two constables, followed by men and women.—Norris is in the back ground.

Robert.—I am innocent! I am murder'd! My own child

Has sworn my life away! My Marian! Falsely—most falsely!—When they try me, 'tis By her I die; not by the judge—the jury, Or any one but her! She gives the verdict!—Passes the sentence!—puts my limbs in trons!—Casts me into my dungeon!—drags me thence To the scaffold!—is my executioner!—Does all that puts her father in his grave Before his time!—Her father, good to her What'er he was to others—Oh! to have died By any evidence but mine own child's; Take me to prison.

First Constable.—No, we are waiting for The order of committal.

Marian (rushing in).—O, my father!

Robert.—Thy father!—Am I so?—I, prithee, girl, Call me that name again! It is a thing Too good to be believed!

Marian.—What, father?

Robert.—What!

Why, to be father to so good a child!

Marian.—So good a child!

Robert.—So good a child! I say it Again!—So good a child!—Come, look at me! Give me thy hand!—And the other one, and look Full in my face!—And fix thine eyes on mine!—As I do live, thou canst!—And yet canst lie To call me father!—Thou'rt no child of mine!

(*Casts her from him, she falls on her knees.*)

Marian.—My father!

Robert.—Up! or I will trample on thee! Fasten my hands in thy dark silken hair, And lift thee up by it, and fling thee from me! Who gave thee those fine locks?

Marian.—Thou! Thou!

Robert.—Who gave thee Those hands thou clasp'st to me?

Marian.—Thou!

Robert.—I!—Indeed! And the rest of thy limbs?—Thy body? and the tongue

Thou speak'st with—Owest thou everything to me?

Marian.—I do!—indeed I do!

Robert.—Indeed! Indeed! Thou liest! Thou wert never child of mine! No!—No!—I never carried thee up and down The bench in my arms, many and many a day, To strengthen thee when thou wast sickly!—No! I never brought thee from the market town, When'er I went to it, a pocket loaf Of children's gear!—No!—No!—No, I never was Your play-fellow that we'd fall out with you What'er you did to him!—No!—Never! Nor When fever came into the village, and Fix'd its fell gripe on you, I never watch'd Ten days and nights running, beside your bed, Living I know not how, for sleep I took not, And hardly food! And since your mother died—

Marian.—Thou'lt kill me, father!

Robert.—Since your mother died, I have not been a mother and a father Both—to both to thee!

Marian.—Oh! spare me!

Robert.—I was never Anything to thee!—Call me father!—why A father's life is wrapp'd up in his child! Was mine wrapp'd up in thee?—Thou know'st 'twas

not!—

How dar'st thou call me father!—fasten upon me!— That never gave thee proof, sign, anything Of recognition that thou wast my child! Strain'd thee to my heart by the hour!—parting thy hair

And smoothing it, and calling them all things That fondness idolising thinks upon To speak its yearning love!—core of my heart!

Drop
Apple
Orbs,
And l
To ge
Do th
Thou
Ma
The c
Rob
Befor
And
Ma
I sto
Not f
Felt,
Ro
Mak
The
An o
The
A fou
Appr
To al
Ma
Ro
Ma
Ro
Thy
The
Ma
Ro
They
Ma
Conc
Ro
Mine
Ma
As if
And
To s
Stoo
Stan
That
Of h
That
As b
And
All
Awa
Tha
And
But
But
Not
R
Stin
Wit
Not
The
A
Ma
Cre
Or
A
A
A
My
Th
A
O
The
Go
Do
Wh
To
Wit
To

Drop of my heart's blood, was worth all the rest !
 Apple of mine eye, for which I'd give mine eyes,
 Orbs, sockets, lids, and all !—till words grew sobs,
 And love, o'er fraught, put what it lov'd away
 To get relief from tears !—Never did I
 Do this to thee !—why call me father, then,
 Thou art no child of mine ?

Marian.—I am thy child !

The child to whom thou didst all this and more.

Robert.—Thou stood'st not then, just now, in the witness box,

Before the justice in that justice room,
 And swor'st my life away ?

Marian.—Where thou dost say,

I stood !—What thou dost say, I did !—and yet,
 Not in those hours thou nam'st of fond endearment,
 Felt, as I felt it then, thou wast my father !

Robert.—Well !—Justify it—prove thee in the right—

Make it a lawful thing—a natural thing—
 The act of a child !—a good child !—a true child !
 An only one !—one parent in the grave,
 The other left—that other, a fond father—
 A fond, old, doting, idolizing father !
 Approve it such an act in such a child
 To slay that father ! Come !

Marian.—An oath !—an oath !

Robert.—Thy father's life !

Marian.—Thy daughter's soul !

Robert.—I were well

Thy lip had then a little of the thing
 The heart had over much of !

Marian.—What ?

Robert.—Stone !—Rock !

They never should have opened !

Marian.—Silence had
 Condemned thee equally.

Robert.—But not the breath

Mine own life gave !

Marian.—I felt in the justice-room
 As if the final judgment-day were come,
 And not a hiding-place my heart could find
 To screen a thought or wish ; but every one
 Stood naked 'fore the judge, as now my face
 Stands before you ! All things did vanish, father !
 That make the interest and substance up
 Of human life—much, from the mighty thing
 That once was all in all, was shrunk to nothing.
 As by some high command my soul received,
 And could not but obey, it did cast off
 All earthly ties, which, with their causes, melted
 Away !—And I saw nothing but the Eye
 That seeth all, bent searchingly on mine,
 And my lips oped as not of their own will
 But of a stronger—I saw nothing then
 But that all-seeing Eye—but now I see
 Nothing but my father. *(She rushes towards him, and throws her arms round his neck.)*

Robert.—Hold off !—thou adder !

Sting me, and think to coil about me still
 With thy loathsome folds ! Think I will suffer thee !
 Not grasp thee !—pluck thee from me !—dash thee to
 The earth !

Marian.—O ! no !

Robert.—Unloose thy coil !—my flesh
 Creeps at thee ! Hear'st thou ? Come—let go thy hold
 Or I will do some violence to thee !

Marian.—Do !

Robert.—Strike thee !

Marian.—Do !—Dead !—Dead !—'twere merciful.

Robert.—No ; suffer thee to live that thou may'st see
 My execution.

Marian.—O ! is it thy child

Thou speakest to ?

Robert.—Let go, or I will curse thee !

Marian.—Do ! so thou sufferest me to cling to thee !
 O ! can you think I swore it with my will !
 That I—thy child—thy Marian—all my life
 Good to thee—was I not ?—and loving to thee !
 Dost not believe I love thee ?—What !—that I—
 Who'd suffer torture—death—ten thousand deaths
 To save thy life—would swear thy life away
 Willingly ? willingly ?—oh in my heavy strait,
 To be an instrument of justice 'gainst thee,

That makes me wish—and I do wish it—thou
 Hadst never given me being !—bear not thus
 Unsufferably hard upon thy child !—
 Thy child, as ever !—Whatsoe'er she did !
 Whatsoe'er thou hast done !—That loves thee—dates
 Upon thee ! honours ! idolizes thee,
 As o'er did child her father !

Robert.—Let me go !

Or as I'm here—and am a murder'd man—

Murder'd by thee !—I'll curse thee !—let me go !—

Third Bailiff *(entering with a paper, which he gives to the first Bailiff)*.—The order of committal !

Marian *(to Bailiff)*.—Stop !—a minute !

Robert.—Or loose thy hold, or bide my curse !

Marian.—My Mother

That is in her grave—who gave me to thee—gave me,
 When she had bless'd me on her death-bed, saying
 " Be mother, now, and father to our child !—"

For her sake, father ! Am I not by her

Enough an orphan !—would I think you would

Be more an orphan than I am ?

Robert.—Away !

Marian.—Both—both my parents lose ?

Robert.—May—

Marian *(shrieks)*.—Don't curse me—but I cannot
 let thee go !—*[Exeunt.]*

[Norris then comes forward, exulting in his infamy, when news reaches him that the ship in which Edward sailed has been cast away upon the coast of France, and that all the crew have perished. Norris follows Marian to the prison of Robert, and asks her to marry him, upon promise of saving her father's life, by proving him innocent upon the trial. Robert is acquitted, but becomes wretched on reflecting that his child is to be sacrificed to Norris, thus :—]

Robert.—Better I had died ! My child has given
 her life

To cherish mine ! E'en while I look at her
 She wastes away !—and what doth aggravate
 The pang to see her fall a prey to death
 So fast, is the sweet uncomplaining patience
 With which she bears the tooth that's gnawing her,
 Working its way into the quick ! She looks
 On me, the cause of the inextricable,
 Unsufferable strait she has fallen into,
 As one to pity rather than to blame !
 This is her wedding day !—far better call'd
 Her funeral day ! I have left no means untried
 To tempt him to forego his claim—he cries
 " I have paid the price, and what I've bought I'll
 take !"

While prayers awaken wrath, and not remorse,
 And his eye lowers 'till I think I see
 His heart, with evil at the very core.

[At this moment, Edward returns, the rumour of his shipwreck having been plotted by Norris. The villain now comes to claim his bride, which Robert in vain entreats him to forego: the wedding party proceed to the church, at the door of which they are met by Wolf, who, conscience-stricken, has returned to confess his being an accessory after the fact of Norris's murder of his father: a quarrel ensues, in which Norris stabs Wolf, and is seized for the murder; the piece ends with the union of Edward and Marian, and these impressive lines from the parish priest :—]

Clergyman.—Poor sinner ! Grace is broad and free
 enough

Even to cover thee, so mayst thou find—

Pattern of love, and piety, and duty,

Serely in heaven thou wouldst have been rewarded ?

But h-a-v-e-n defers its gerdoun for thee there,

To give thee one on earth ! Be blest in love !

The Gatherer.

Mrs. Hemans and Shakspeare.—She was early a reader of Shakspeare; and by way of securing shade and freedom from interruption, used to climb an apple-tree, and there study his plays; nor had she long made familiar friendship with his "beings of the mind," before she was possessed with the temporary desire—so often born of an intense delight and appreciation—of personifying them. It is remarkable that her fancy led her to prefer the characters of Imogen and Beatrice; nor were her favourites without some strong points of resemblance to herself—the one, in its airy sentiment tempered with sweet and faithful affection—the other, in its brilliant wit, redeemed by highmindedness from sarcasm or vulgarity—so early were her tastes and personal feelings, and mental gifts identified.—*Chorley's Memorials of Mrs. Hemans.*

Philosophy and War.—The students of natural philosophy are not likely to be the admirers of men whose trade is war, be they Cæsars, Buonapartes, or Wellingtons; or to be induced to admit that any glory can be found in the battle-field, the groans, the agonies, the wounds, the death of men killed by their fellow-creatures. The philosopher regards the whole world as his country, and all mankind as his brethren, and as such entitled to, at least, his respect and forbearance. He knows too, that war is mischievous to the valuable store of knowledge,—the sciences,—which it is his ambition to arrange and augment; for, as the rage of a furious body of men knows no bounds, institutions, libraries, and museums, are often attacked and spoliated, and the philosopher himself has not always escaped.—*Miss Vidgen's Discourses.*

There was a woman, beautiful as morning,
Sitting beneath the rocks, upon the sand
Of the waste sea—fair as one flower adorning
An icy wilderness—each delicate hand
Lay crossed upon her bosom, and the band
Of her dark hair had fallen, and so she sat,
Looking upon the waves; on the bare strand,
Upon the sea-mark, a small boat did wait,
Fair as herself, like Love by Hope left desolate.

Shelley.

O Spring, of hope, and love, and youth, and gladness,
Wind-winged emblem! brightest, best, and fairest!
Whence comest thou, when, with dark winter's sadness,

The tears that fade in sunny smiles thou sharest?
Sister of joy! thou art the child who bearest
Thy mother's dying smile, tender and sweet,
Thy mother, Autumn, for whose grave thou weapest
Fresh flowers and beams like flowers, with gentle feet

Disturbing not the leaves which are her winding sheet.

Shelley.

Scoundrel.—This was a favourite word of Dr. Johnson: in his Dictionary, he defined loon, a scoundrel,—sneakup, a scoundrel, &c., and it is known that he once called a woman a scoundrel.—*Jesse's Angler.*

A misquotation.—In Ross' translation of Lessing's *Laocoon, or the Limits of Poetry*, &c., is this singular misquotation of Pope:—

"Who could take offence

When pure description held the place of *sauces*?"
The word *sauces* is a mistake for *sense*, which is the rhyme to the preceding line.—J. H. F.

Preventive of Hydrophobia.—An Ohio newspaper gives this short direction for preventing a dog becoming infected with hydrophobia, namely,—cut off his tail close behind his ears! J. H. F.

Zhlukovsky, a performer on the Warsaw stage, had such an irresistible drollery in his physiognomy and gestures, that his appearance alone was sufficient to set the audience in a roar of laughter. Although he could contrive to render the most commonplace sentences, and the most insipid parts highly ludicrous, his style of acting was perfectly natural and chaste, and free from that absurd grimace which so frequently passes for comic humour. He composed ingenious and amusing comedies and vaudevilles, and obtained great celebrity for his puns, anecdotes, and songs, which he used to publish in a whimsical kind of journal. He died at Warsaw in 1833. W. G. C.

Spanish Wool.—The excellence of the wool of Spain, (says a recent writer,) is owing to the crossing of the Spanish breed by the introduction of English sheep, which took place in 1394. When the hereditary Prince of Castile, son of Henry III., married Catherine, the daughter of the Duke of Lancaster, that princess brought with her from England, a numerous flock of peculiarly fine sheep. Those animals so thrived in the climate of Castile, that they speedily formed one of the most considerable branches of commerce; the manufacture of cloth flourished in proportion, and so rapidly, that in 1419, the deputation of the kingdom, requested the prohibition of the sale of foreign cloth, lest it might injure the use of the national fabrics. W. G. C.

Dress.—In the reign of Henry VI., the ladies forbore their trains, and substituted borders of skins, velvet, or other materials, equally wide, and sometimes wider than a whole breadth of velvet. Their heads were decorated with stuffed rolls in the shape of round bonnets, gradually diminishing, to the height of half or three-fourths of an ell, with loose kerchiefs or veils at the top, hanging down behind as low as the ground; they had large girdles of silk with expensive clasps, and round their necks collars or chains of gold. W. G. C.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and News-vendors.—Agent in PARIS, G. W. M. REYNOLDS, French, English, and American Library, 65, Rue Neuve St. Augustin.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.